

*Trans  
file St  
Lawrence  
Island.*

\*

ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND, suspended, as it were, between two continents and at the gateway of the Arctic regions, has for many years kindled the imagination and challenged the missionary spirit of the church in America.

The first attempt to evangelize the island was made by the Episcopal Church of America in 1887. With the help of the government who transported the lumber and other material, the men from the ship who came ashore to help build, and several of the native Eskimos, the first building was constructed in one day! That must have been a day for the natives. They had never seen a hammer until then when two were brought from the ship. Even then, some of them used stones to drive nails (one was found in the wall of the living room last summer when some reconstruction work revealed a large stone an Eskimo had used for a hammer and left on a brace), and others used jawbones of walrus. The Eskimos talk about this even today.

The little mission building, however, stood vacant for several years, for no teacher or missionary could be found who was intrepid enough to face the isolation and hardships of that primitive island.

Then in 1890 our Board of National Missions acquired the mission from the Episcopalians, and sent out a Macedonian call. For three years the call went around. No answer. In 1893, at Wapello, Iowa, a heart-stirring revival was held at the Presbyterian church. Among

\* It is only 100 miles long, 25 miles wide, except where it narrows down to about 10 miles at one point. Siberia lies only 38 miles to the west; Nome, Alaska, 175 miles to the northeast.

\*\* The pastor of this church at the time, Rev. James H. Condit, later became Superintendent of our Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka, Alaska.



those present was Mr. Vane C. Gambell, Superintendent of Schools at Wapello. Mr. Gambell's spirit was aroused, and he felt the call to a more Christian consecration. The call for St. Lawrence Island had not yet been heard in Wapello, but he wrote to the Board asking to be given a "difficult field." The request brought an immediate response from the Board, and Dr. Sheldon Jackson was sent to interview Mr. Gambell. By May of the same year, Mr. Gambell and his young wife, Nellie, were on their way to St. Lawrence.


Many difficulties met them on their arrival. The people were deep in darkness at the time. They had countless superstitions to be overcome. Only one could speak English - and not very well - he had spent only one winter in San Francisco; but he turned out to be invaluable in interpreting for the Gambells. Fortunately the Eskimos, at least the adult ones, were not averse to listening to the Christian teaching. In fact, they even wanted to attend school, although the children did not want to. The work must have been hard and discouraging at first, but for four years the Gambells worked on, and the ground work was laid.

Then tragedy came to the little family of Americans. In April, 1897, a daughter, Margaret, was born. In that isolated place, there was neither doctor or nurse. Native midwives were the only help to be had, with the result that Mrs. Gambell was injured and became an invalid. In November the family found it necessary to leave for the States where Mrs. Gambell could be cared for in a hospital. The natives were grieved to see them go, but hoped for their return in the spring when Mrs. Gambell would be better. By April, 1898, Mrs. Gambell was well enough to return and the family started back to the island. Fate was



against them. Their boat, the Lady Jane Grey, sank off Cape Flattery, and the three, along with forty others, were drowned.

That summer Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Dr. Frank H. Campbell, government physician in Alaska, visited the island. The sad news was broken to the natives. In memory of the missionary teachers whom they had learned to love and trust, the name of the village where the Gambells had lived was changed from Chibukak to Gambell. The board which Dr. Jackson had brought with him is still on the north end of the mission house, with the name "Gambell" still on it. Another board with "Presbyterian Mission" was fastened below it this year. - And so Gambell stands, a permanent reminder of the two who gave their lives to bring the Christian gospel to St. Lawrence.

The work was not abandoned, however. Mr. Doty carried on from where the Gambells left off. With him he brought a man to do household duties for him. He patiently taught the way of Christ as the first missionaries had done. But he was grieved deeply because the natives kept on with many of their old superstitions. For instance, it was the custom for an old man, when he got sick or incapacitated, to be taken by his friends toward the mountain back of the village, and there shot or hung.  He tried his best to persuade all of them it was a great wrong. No one should take a human life which God had given. After a while the man called for the gun and shot himself.

Mr. Doty stayed one year, and was followed by Dr. Lerrigo, a physician, who taught the Bible and also taught school. One of the present Elders still smiles when he is reminded of Dr. Lerrigo. "He used to serve us tea when we attended Bible class," he muses. Up there, the refreshments after class are often more important than the class - or so they seem.



St. Lawrence Island is about thirty-eight miles from <sup>the</sup> Siberian coast and 175 ~~for~~ S. W. from Nome, Alaska. It is 100 miles long, ten wide at the narrowest part and about 25 the rest of the island. The whole island is mountainous, and in several sections many of the mountains have their tops blown off and <sup>some</sup> ~~they~~ are split wide open. <sup>at the base</sup> One ~~old~~ crater has a fine lake.

At Gommell, back of the village a short distance, is a lovely small lake, where the children, boys mostly, ~~skate on the~~ enjoy skating on the skates. They've made of an old file <sup>wood</sup> ~~wood~~ and a leather strap.

Of course, there are no trees, but one of the teachers collected eighty-two different flowers during her two years there.

The harnesses are all of deer skin, brought in from Seattle on the annual freighter. They are very comfortable and some families have a summer house as well as a winter home.

In each village the natives have their co-operative store which they manage, with the aid of the



government

- 2 -

school teacher. They carry staples.

Both villages have an electric light unit and every native home is lighted, <sup>by electric</sup> but they are limited as to the number they may have. Many have electric washers. and <sup>all have</sup> hand board motors for their canoes as well as whale boats.

In 1941 they (both villages) <sup>each</sup> contributed 1000<sup>th</sup> of aluminum to defense work. The Coast Guard cutters took it out to the States.

The people also contribute - thru their stores - to Red Cross each year. and the World Day of Prayer offering comes from the individuals, ~~each year~~.

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Mission work on St. Lawrence Island. *Banner*

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No <sup>or missionaries</sup> teachers could be found willing to go to such an isolated place, so the building was vacant for a few years. In 1890 our Board of National Missions acquired this mission and sent out a Macadonion call.

Mr. Dene C. Gambell was Superintendent of schools at Wapello, Iowa, and the pastor of the Presbyterian Church there was Rev. J. E. Condit, who later was Superintendent of our Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka, Alaska.



A very heart stirring revival was held in the Presbyterian Church in the winter of 1893, and the result was, Mr. Gambell felt a call to a more Christian consecration. He wrote to our Board, asking to be given "a difficult field." Dr. Sheldon Jackson went to Wapello to interview Mr. Gambell and in May, 1893 he and his young wife, Nellie, set sail for St. Lawrence Island.

The adult natives wanted to attend school and their children did not want to. The people were deep in darkness at that time, but they were willing to listen to the Christian teaching, which was a good deal in their favor. The work must have been hard and discouraging at that time. The Eskimos must have had countless superstitions they were practicing and Christian teaching would be very hard for them to understand. There was one Eskimo who had been to San Francisco a winter and knew some English, so he could help interpret for the Gambells.

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went to the states and Mrs. Gombell was hospitalized all winter. The natives were very sorry to see the Gombells leave them and they hoped for their return in the spring.

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In the summer of 1898 Dr. Frank H. Gambell, Government physician in Alaska, with Dr. Sheldon Jackson, visited the Island. They told the natives of the death of the three Gombells, and asked them if they would like to change the name of the village to Gambell, in ~~to~~ memory of the missionary-teachers, whom they had learned to love and trust. The natives were very glad to do that, so the board, which Dr. Jackson had brought with him, with "Gombell" printed in black on a white back ground is still on the north end of the mission house. This year "Presbyterian Mission" was painted on another board and fastened under the first sign.

That year Mr. Doty came to carry on the work at Gambell. He brought a man to do the household duties for him. He patiently taught the way of Christ, as the first missionaries had done. But he was grieved many times because the natives were



keeping on with their old superstitions and heathenism.

At that time when an old man, who was sick or unable to work, become discouraged he would ask his friends or relatives to take him out toward the mountain back of the village with a long pole and rope and hang him.

One day <sup>when</sup> Mr. Doty was walking he came up to such a group and asked what was going on. The men told him and he tried his best to persuade all of them it was a great wrong - no one should take a human life, which God had given. After a while, the man called for a gun and shot himself.

Mr. Doty stayed one year. He found the children much preferred walking with him after school than to attend classes and the parents, who do not discipline their children, were content to have them do as they wished.

Dr. Herrings come later and did good work as a physician and Bible teacher as well as school. One of our present Elders used to smile when he was reminded of Dr. Herrings and <sup>would</sup> say, "He used to serve us tea when we attended Bible Class."

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell came after the Eskimos had become used to white people and they fitted in very well. The doctor taught the natives many things beside school. He was an ordained <sup>Presbyterian</sup> minister and taught the Bible in school and out. He was a good carpenter and the



older men, who were his school boys, often say "Dr. Campbell taught me to do carpenter work." Two of these good carpenters also know a good bit about medical work - which this missionary - teacher taught them.

Dr. Jackson had sent over some reindeer and Dr. Campbell taught the older school boys to herd <sup>them</sup>. They lived at the mission house ~~in~~ those days. There is a record of Mrs. Campbell baking sixteen loaves of bread several times a week. The doctor, so the natives say, learned to speak Eskimo very well and he compiled a book for them ~~Eskimo~~ with the first pages like a primer, showing the Alaska animals on the island and each <sup>was given</sup> the English name as well as Eskimo. The rest of the booklet was devoted to Bible verses, which the natives memorized. They often repeat them in the meetings now. One invalid Eskimo woman who found it hard to attend services, sent a <sup>message</sup> ~~message~~ one day; she always read Dr. Campbell's verses when we had church services.

Very often when the older men, who lived at the mission house, got to talking to me about Dr. Campbell, they would smile and tell of an amusing experience they all had. Whalers had brought cotton cloth for trade, but they evidently had neglected to bring thread, so the women had sewed the cloth into ~~cotton~~ parka covers, using their home made



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During Dr. Campbell's time at Gombell  
an old <sup>and sick</sup> man decided to commit suicide.  
He heard of it, some how, and went to the  
man and tried to help him understand  
how terrible that would be. After some  
time the man consented to be taken back  
where he had been staying. Dr. Campbell did  
every thing he could for the man and in a  
few days he died a natural death. I do  
not know when this custom of suicide was  
given up, but it was some time before I went  
to the Island.



6

sinew thread. The Gombells taught cleanliness and every Saturday they insisted on the boys washing their clothes. The first time they washed their parkas they boiled them, and when Mrs. Campbell thought they had boiled long enough, the boys were amazed to see the different colored sleeves, hoods and bodies of their fine parkas floating around, all loose, in the boiler. They had a great time picking out the sections, and when they were dry Dr. Campbell sent the boys home to have the mothers sew them together again using our kind of thread instead of sinew thread.

\*\* Miss Anna Anderson taught school there four years, two or three years she was with the Campbells. She was a trained Bible teacher and must have been good help to the over-worked missionaries. She was well liked and she continued to send letters and money ~~there~~ to one of the Elders, who <sup>boys and</sup> distributes food <sup>for her</sup> to the oldest and sick Eskimo. They all speak lovingly of Miss Anderson.

In 1934, when I went to Gombell, there were six men who professed to be Christians - two of whom were converted during Dr. Campbell's time of service. They had been having Sunday School, meeting at the home of the believer who had the largest room. The mission house was used then for just <sup>public</sup> school purposes. After their meeting they would go to the home of an unbeliever to tell the Gospel.



story, using the lesson which they had been studying together. Often the unbelievers would not listen to them; some, when invited to come and listen as they studied together would say, "Maybe some time when I have nothing to do - no hunting - I'll go and meet with you," but <sup>some</sup> ~~they~~ never went, and ~~others~~ <sup>others have been converted.</sup> When an unbeliever would listen to the story and seem interested the Christians would be very happy. Some of the Sunday School group did not have Christian wives at that time. I went with them every Sunday afternoon and took my turn giving the lesson and invitation to join us.

One afternoon in November all the men but two were out at their trap lines and winter camps. Three of us called on "The Widow" and she allowed us to tell the lesson to her and her two daughters but when I asked if we might pray for them, she quickly said "There won't be any prayer here. My girls have promised their father who is dead now, that they'd never change from <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ religion to the Christian way. You must not pray here."

The next Sunday, after church, one of the first Sunday School group decided to each take three families of the unbelievers to pray into the Kingdom. After that it was very interesting to watch ~~the~~ the fulfillment of our prayers.



By that time the next year we had eight members of our Prayer Group and some of the unconverted wives were becoming interested in Christianity.

The Church room usually was packed for the services and often there was a good attendance at Prayer meeting, on Wednesday afternoon.

By 1936 we had ten members of our Prayer Group and we were all very happy to have our prayers answered. The hours we spent on our knees were certainly blessed. Each ~~month~~<sup>year</sup> we added to our Group. The women had their own Prayer Circle; In the Eskimo villages, women do not have a very exalted position at present, but that will change too before long, as more accept Christianity.

The men of the Prayer Group began to take turns leading the mid-week Prayer service and they did that very well. One time, which I remember with much joy, a leader asked the girls to start the singing. We were in the small room and did not have the organ. The girls, for some reason, did not start the first song. The leader waited a reasonable length of time, then he started the song <sup>and sang</sup> beautifully and the men did not give the girl a chance to attempt leading the <sup>rest of the</sup> singing that meeting. The leader gave us an excellent service. As the group of Christian men increased, we had better services too.

In 1934 one or two of those first Christians had a hard time to read the Bible and I enjoyed watching the work of the Holy Spirit in their lives, as He led them on.



In 1935 or '36, one day Ira came to my house to visit about the Bible. He was an elderly man. He asked some questions, then he said, "Many times I've heard Dr. Campbell tell all you have said to us, but when he told us I did not believe what he said. Now I believe the Bible and I am going to follow Christ. Maybe you say those things slower, but they are the same words he told us years ago." The seed sown by the early missionary-teachers continues to bring forth fruit.

XXI A few for whom we've prayed all these years, are not converted yet. One man and his family, who are on my prayer list, have been asked many times to join us but there are always excuses given for not joining. Last spring when Mr. Bringle came to the Island, to look after the churches and that work, this man asked if his two small boys might be baptized, as they had been begging for some time to come to Sunday School. So Mr. Bringle baptized the youngest boy and his father stood with him. The older boy had recently been vaccinated and he flatly refused to go up to Mr. Bringle where the other children stood: he sat back close to his mother. Later Mr. Bringle went to the seat where the two were and in time baptized the child, who managed to smile. Later we learned he wanted to be baptized but, remembering his vaccination, he feared it might hurt to be baptized, so he preferred to stay close to his mother.

Mr. Bringle



One day I spoke of a certain man of our Prayer Group who had been very helpful to me when we were getting the mission house in good condition in 1934. I commented on that man's splendid help; he had done so much for me. One of the other Christians said, "There is a big change in him. Before he was converted, he'd ~~do~~ nothing for anyone outside of his own family, but now he gladly helps everyone."

The Average native Eskimo does not swear or lose control of his temper, no matter what the provocation. A few years ago a white man on the island got very angry and he swore and stormed for some time. Finally a Christian went to him and said, "I'd be ashamed to get as angry as you are." Another time when a white man swore because something about the job went wrong, a native worker rose up and said, "Wasn't that the Holy Father's name you just used?"

All over the western and northern parts of Alaska, before Christianity was taught, when the old people were unable to work they were starved to death by their family. But since they've known the Christian way, there has been a great change in the treatment of the old relatives. They enjoy the respect and kindness of their friends and family as long as they live. It is a blessed change to them and to all of us who live and work with them.

Some of the things we teach, all on the island have not accepted to date, but prayer is one thing which they have accepted and use. Every Christian native had



rather have his friends pray for him, <sup>when in trouble</sup> than do any thing else; because he has proved the power of prayer.

At Zambell, during my early days there, I needed another lamp, so I gave a native man a small brass bowl and a painted cover from an old tobacco can and asked him to put a number three burner in the cover: <sup>it would</sup> ~~and~~ fit it over the top of the bowl, thus making an oil lamp. He did the job very well, and on his way back to the mission house he showed it to every one he met. He ~~told~~ <sup>said to</sup> me, "I told them this is a new lamp you are bringing to us, and that you are also teaching us of Christ, the Light of the world."

In August, 1940 Rev. J. E. Ganel <sup>then</sup> of Fairbanks, came to St. Lawrence Island, at the Board's request, (to <sup>only</sup> baptize all who wished and to organize a church in each village.) The first meeting was held at Zambell.

Word was sent to all who were professing Christians to come to the meeting and the church room was packed. Mr. Ganel baptized all who came in their confession of faith. It was a very impressive service. The natives are quiet and dignified. That evening there were so many to be baptized they were asked to come forward in a family group and to pass on out ~~doors~~ <sup>side</sup> as soon as they were baptized. Rarely do Eskimoes show us how they feel; but that night they looked thoroughly satisfied and happy.



-12-

For days parents would call and ask Mr. Gavel to baptize some child who had not attended the first meeting. One man came with his little girl, all the other children had been baptized, and he said, "I want my child to be saved." His wife had refused to accept Christ as her Saviour, and wouldn't even attend the services. ~~At~~ Now she is a Christian too.

Communion Service was held Sunday afternoon, <sup>for</sup> the first time on St. Lawrence Island, and in came Dyaketon, a sorcerer, with his son. When Mr. Gavel asked if there were others who wished baptism, these two came forward. I had been away a year on furlough and I wondered if that man had been converted. When I could, I passed a note to Mr. Gavel telling him what Dyaketon had been. Mr. Gavel asked him about his faith in Christ and Dyaketon said, "I come because my (oldest) son wanted me to," and he smiled very pleasantly. Mr. Gavel said later, "I believe only good will come of Dyaketon's baptism."

In about six months Dyaketon sent me a ~~message~~ <sup>message</sup> by the three deacons, "I know I am born again now. The Holy Spirit gave me no peace, since I was baptized, until I accepted Christ as my Saviour." <sup>xxxx</sup> (He has been very faithful in attendance of services and he has helped other Christians to want to be faithful too.) <sup>xxxx</sup> He asked the deacons what he should do, now that he was a Christian. They said, "Come to church and tell everybody what you've told us."



And that is what he did and it was interesting to watch the faces as he told of his experiences. xxxx I-yak-2-tan

One of his sons told a Christian, "The other day one of the pups kept trying to get into the living room and Iyaketan scolded it and got impatient. I told him he must be kind to dogs and every one, now that he is a Christian: That's the Christian way."

A few days later Mr. Gavel went to Saroonga by native boat and baptized the Christians, organized their church and taught them all he could during the short time he had with them. In all 391 adults and children were baptized on the island in 1940.

In <sup>July</sup> 1941, during Mr. Gavel's second visit to St. Lawrence Island, other families which had been at their winter camps in 1940, were in the village of Saroonga and all were baptized, so that every person there ~~had~~ been baptized. In that village there are no old people who often keep the younger, more progressive ones, back. Ganshell has that trouble, but now there are few families in which there is no Christian.

For some time after the people on the island were baptized and the churches organized, I began to notice a looseness in their manner. Some who had not hunted on Sunday for years, went off hunting on that day. Some were



not faithful in church attendance. I called the Elders together and they hadn't noticed what I thought I had, so I advised them to be watchful and, if possible, to find out how the church members were thinking, and what caused the change. I had decided, because they had been baptized, they thought no matter what they did, they were safe.

Then the Elders went from house to house explaining the baptism they had had from Rev. Jones, urging them to be faithful to the teaching of Christ. After that the people must have <sup>had a better</sup> understanding of those things and they lived differently. I was more encouraged about the time I left the Island. The majority of the men and women were more earnest and thoughtful, seemingly taking their religion seriously and <sup>they are</sup> proud of their very comfortable and attractive church, which the older men had worked so hard to improve. xxx

They need the prayers of all who know of them and at present we can help them in no other way. They know the right way and they must choose to do that way.

One winter we had a very severe storm and, because of a tidal wave which they had there in 1913 when four homes were washed out to sea, the natives were



very excited. Later an old man called on me and as he left I asked, "Ung-wol-ic, do you know Jesus?" He had been a regular attendant at all Church meetings, but he had never given a testimony. He stopped and looked at me, then said, "you know when the waves were so high a while ago. Some of the natives didn't go to bed; they were afraid. I went to bed and I went to sleep. I know Jesus."

Please note change I made on page 9 + 14  
Mr. Beagle should come after Mr. Gavel's  
second visit - if you want to use that  
story. apb



*Please return to Mr. [unclear]*  
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At Gambell, back of the village a short distance, is a lovely small lake, where the children - boys mostly - enjoy skating on the skates they've made of old files, wood and a leather strap. Of course, there are no trees, but one of the teachers collected eight-two different flowers during her two years there.

The houses are all of lumber, brought in from Seattle on the annual freighter. They are very comfortable and some families have summer houses as well as winter homes.

In each village the natives have their cooperative store which they manage with the aid of the Government school teacher. They carry staples.

Both villages have an electric light unit and every native home is lighted by electricity but they are limited as to the number they may have. Many have electric washers and all have outboard motors for their oomiaks as well as whale boats.

In 1941 both villages contributed 1000 lbs of aluminum to defense work. The Coast Guard cutters took it out to the States. The people also contribute through their stores to Red Cross each year and the World Day of Prayer offering comes from the individuals.

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*How many  
20 families  
4 to 6 families?  
How many in  
Gambell alone?  
How about the natives!*



Oct. 19 -

MISSION WORK ON ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND

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In April 1898 when the Gambells were returning to the Island their boat, the Lady Jane Grey, sank off Cape Flattery and the three were drowned with forty other passengers.

In the summer of 1898 Dr. Frank H. Gambell, Government physician in Alaska, with Dr. Sheldon Jackson visited the Island. They told the natives of the death of the three Gambells and asked them if they would like to change the name of the village to Gambell in memory of the missionary-teachers whom they had learned to love and trust. The natives were very glad to do that, so the board, which Dr. Jackson had brought with him, with "Gambell" printed in black on a white background is still on the north end of the mission house. This year "Presbyterian Mission" was painted on another board and fastened under the first sign.

That year Mr. Doty came to carry on the work at Gambell. He brought a man to do the household duties for him. He patiently taught the way of Christ, as the first missionaries had done. But he was grieved many times because the natives were keeping on with their old superstitions and heatherism.

At that time when an old man, who was sick or unable to work, became discouraged he would ask his friends or relatives to take him out toward the mountain back of the village with a long pole and rope and hang him. One day when Mr. Doty was walking he came up to such a group and asked what was going on. The men told him and he tried his best to persuade all of them it was a great wrong. No one should take a human life which God had given. After a while the man called for a gun and shot himself.

Mr. Doty stayed one year. He found the children much preferred walking with him after school than to attend classes and the parents, who do not discipline their children, were content to have them do as they wished.

Dr. Lerrigo came later and did good work as a physician and Bible teacher as well as school. One of our present Elders used to smile when he was reminded of Dr. Lerrigo



and would say, "He used to serve us tea when we attended Bible Class".

*followed Dr. Craig & by that time*  
Dr. and Mrs. Campbell ~~came after~~ the Eskimos had become used to white people  
*to church* and they fitted in very well. The doctor taught the natives many things beside school.

He was an ordained Presbyterian minister and taught the Bible in school and out. He was a good carpenter and the older men, who were his school boys, often say "Dr. Campbell taught me to do carpenter work". Two of these good carpenters also know a good bit about medical work which this missionary teacher taught them.

Dr. Jackson had sent over some reindeer and Dr. Campbell taught the older school boys to herd them. They lived at the mission house those days. There is a record of Mrs. Campbell baking sixteen loaves of bread several times a week. The doctor, so the natives say, learned to speak Eskimo very well and he compiled a book for them with the first pages like a primer, showing the Alaska animals of the island, and each was given the English name as well as Eskimo. The rest of the booklet was devoted to Bible verses which the natives memorized. They often repeat them in the meetings now. One invalid Eskimo woman who found it hard to attend services, sent a message one day: She always read Dr. Campbell's verses when we had church service. *at home* *was having*

Very often when the older men, who lived at the mission house, got to talking together *once* about Dr. Campbell, they would smile and tell of an amusing experience they all had.

Whalers had brought cotton cloth for trade but they evidently had neglected to bring thread, so the women had sewed the cloth into parka covers, using their homemade sinew thread. *Campbell* The Gambells taught cleanliness and every Saturday they insisted on the boys washing their clothes. The first time they washed their parkas they boiled them, and when Mrs. Campbell thought they had boiled long enough, the boys were amazed to see the different colored sleeves, hoods, and bodies of their fine parkas floating around, all loose, in the boiler. They had a great time fishing out the sections and when they were dry Dr. Campbell sent the boys home to have the mothers sew them together again, using our kind of thread instead of sinew thread. *This turning of the tables they found very amusing*

*found very amusing*  
During Dr. Campbell's time at Gambell an old and sick man decided to commit suicide. He heard of it, somehow, and went to the man and tried to help him understand how terrible



that would be. After some time the man consented to be taken back where he had been staying. Dr. Campbell did everything he could for the man and in a few days he died a natural death. I do not know when this custom of suicide was given up but it was sometime before I went to the Island.

Miss Anna Anderson taught school there four years; two or three years she was with the Campbells. She was a trained Bible teacher and must have been good help to the over-worked missionaries. She was well-liked and she continues to send letters and money to one of the Elders who buys and distributes food for her to the oldest and sick Eskimos. They all speak lovingly of Miss Anderson.

In 1934, when I went to Gambell, there were six men who professed to be Christians - two of whom were converted during Dr. Campbell's time of service. They had been having Sunday School meetings at the home of the believer who had the largest room. The mission house was used then for just public school purposes. After their meeting they would go to the home of an unbeliever to tell the Gospel Story, using the lesson which they had been studying together. Often the unbeliever would not listen to them; some, when invited to come and listen as they studied together would say, "Maybe some time when I have nothing to do - no hunting - I'll go and meet with you", but some never went <sup>but some came +</sup> and others have been converted.

When an unbeliever would listen to the story and seem interested the Christians would be very happy. Some of the Sunday School group did not have Christian wives at that time. I went with them every Sunday afternoon and took my turn giving the lesson and invitation to join us.

One afternoon in November all the men but two were out at their trap lines and winter camps. Three of us called on "The Widow" and she allowed us to tell the lesson to her and her two daughters but when I asked if we might pray for them, she quickly said "There won't be any prayer here. My girls have promised their father who is dead now, that they'd never change from our religion to the Christian way. You must not pray here".

The next Sunday, after church, we of the first Sunday School group decided to each take three families of the unbelievers to pray into the Kingdom. After that it was very interesting to watch the fulfillment of our prayers.



no 7th By that time the next year we had eight members <sup>in 1934</sup> of our Prayer Group and some of the unconverted wives were becoming interested in Christianity. The church rooms usually <sup>were</sup> packed for the services and often there was a good attendance at Prayer Meeting on Wednesday afternoon.

By 1936 we had ten members of our Prayer Group and we were all very happy to have our prayers answered. The hours we spent on our knees were certainly blessed. Each year we added to our group. The women had their own Prayer Circle. In the Eskimo villages, women do not have a very exalted position at present but that will change too before long, as more accept Christianity.

The men of this Prayer Group began to take turns leading the midweek Prayer Service and they did that very well. One time, which I remember with much joy, a leader asked the girls to start the singing. We were in the small room and did not have the organ. The girls, for some reason, did not start the first song. The leader waited a reasonable length of time then he started the song and sang beautifully and the men did not give the girls a chance to attempt leading the rest of the singing that meeting. The leader gave us an excellent service. As the group of Christian men increased, we had better services too.

In 1934, one or two of these first Christians had a hard time to read the Bible and I enjoyed watching the work of the Holy Spirit in their lives as He led them on.

In 1935 or '36, one day Ira came to my house to visit about the Bible. He was an elderly man. He asked some questions. Then he said, "Many times I've heard Dr. Campbell tell all you have said to us, but when he told us I did not believe what he said. Now I believe the Bible and I am going to follow Christ. Maybe you say those things slower, but they are the same words he told us years ago". The seed sown by the early missionary-teachers continues to bring forth fruit.

A few for whom we've prayed all these years and not converted yet. One man and his family, who are in my prayers, have been asked many times to join us but there are always excuses given for not joining. Last spring when Mr. Bingle came to the Island, to look after the churches and that work, this man asked if his two small



boys might be baptized as they had been begging for some time to come to Sunday School. So Mr. Bingle baptized the youngest boy and his father stood with him. The older boy had recently been vaccinated and he flatly refused to go up to Mr. Bingle <sup>with</sup> where the other children <sup>but</sup> ~~sat back~~ <sup>over</sup> close to his mother. Later Mr. Bingle went to them <sup>who sat there and who</sup> ~~sat where the two were~~ and in time baptized the child, who managed to smile. Later we learned he wanted to be baptized but remembering his vaccination, <sup>was afraid</sup> ~~he~~ feared it might hurt, ~~to be baptized, so he preferred to stay close to his mother.~~

One day I spoke of a certain man of our Prayer Group who had been very helpful to me when we were getting the mission house in good condition in 1934. I commented on that man's splendid help. He had done so much for me. One of the other Christians said: "There is a big change in him. Before he was converted, he'd do nothing for anyone outside his own family but now he gladly helps everyone".

The average native Eskimo does not swear or lose control of his temper, no matter what the provocation. A few years ago a white man on the island got very angry and he swore and stormed for some time. Finally a Christian went to him and said, "I'd be ashamed to get as angry as you are". Another time when a white man swore because something about the job went wrong, a native worker rose up and said, "Wasn't that the Holy Father's name you just used?".

All over the western and northern parts of Alaska before Christianity was taught, when the old people were unable to work, they were starved to death by their family. But since they've known the Christian way, there has been a great change in the treatment of the old relatives. They enjoy the respect and kindness of their friends and family as long as they live. It is a blessed change to them and to all of us who live and work with them.

~~Some of the things we teach,~~ <sup>all of our teachers</sup> All of the people on the island have not accepted to date, but prayer is one thing which they have accepted and use. Every Christian native had rather have his friends pray for him when <sup>he's</sup> in trouble than do anything else because he has proved the power of prayer.

At Gambell, during my early days there, I needed another lamp, so I gave a native



man a small brass bowl and a pointed cover from an old tobacco can and asked him to put a number three burner in the cover. <sup>to</sup> It would fit over the top of the bowl, thus making an oil lamp. He did the job very well, and <sup>on</sup> his way back to the mission house he showed it to every one he met. He said to me, "I told them this is a new lamp you are bringing to us, and that you are also teaching us of Christ, the Light of the World".

In August 1940 Rev. John E. Youel, then of Fairbanks, came to St. Lawrence Island, at the Board's request. The first meeting was held at Gambell. Word was sent to all who were professing Christians to come to the meeting and the church soon was packed. Mr. Youel baptized all who came in their confession of faith. It was a very impressive service. The natives are quiet and dignified. That evening there were so many to be baptized they were asked to come forward in a family group and to pass on outside as soon as they were baptized. Rarely do Eskimos show us how they feel but that night they looked thoroughly satisfied and happy. For days parents <sup>kept</sup> would call <sup>and</sup> ask Mr. Youel to baptize some child who had not attended the first meeting. One man came with his little girl, all the other children had been baptized and he said, "I want my child to be saved". His wife had refused to accept Christ as her Saviour and wouldn't even attend the services. Now she is a Christian, too.

Communion Service was held <sup>the</sup> Sunday afternoon for the first time on St. Lawrence Island, and in came Iyakotan, a sorcerer, with his son. When Mr. Youel asked if there were others who wished baptism, these two came forward. I <sup>had</sup> have been away a year on furlough and I wondered if that man had been converted. When I could, I passed a note to Mr. Youel, telling him what Iyakotan had been. Mr. Youel asked him about his faith in Christ and Iyakotan said, "I came because my son wanted me to", and he smiled very pleasantly. Mr. Youel said later, "I believe only good will come of Iyakotan's baptism."



In about six months Iyaketan sent me a message by the three deacons, "I know I am born again now. The Holy spirit gave me no peace since I was baptized until I accepted Christ as my Saviour" (He has been very faithful in attendance of services and he has helped other Christians to want to be faithful.) He asked the deacons what he should do now that he was a Christian. They said, "Come to church and tell everybody what you've told us." And that is what he did, and it was interesting to watch the faces as he told of his experiences.

One of his sons told a Christian, "The other day one of the pups kept trying to get into the living room and Iyaketan scolded it and got impatient. I told him that he must be kind to dogs and everyone now that he is a Christian. That's the Christian way".

A few days later Mr. Youel went to Savoonga by native boat and baptized the Christians, organized their church, and taught them all he could during the short time he had with them. In all 391 adults and children were baptized on the island in 1940.

In July 1941, during Mr. Youel's second visit to St. Lawrence Island, other families, which had been at their winter camps in 1940, were in the village of Savoonga and all were baptized so that every person there has been baptized. In that village there are no old people who often keep the younger, more progressive ones, back. Campbell has that trouble but now there are few families in which there is no Christian.

From some time after the people on the island were baptized and the churches organized I began to notice a looseness in their manner. Some who had not hunted on Sunday for years, went off hunting on that day. Some were not faithful in church attendance. I called the Elders together and they hadn't noticed what I thought I had, so I advised them to be watchful and, if possible, to find out how the church members were thinking and what caused the change. I had decided, because they had been baptized, they thought no matter what they did, they were safe.

Then the elders went from house to house explaining the baptism they had had from



Rev. Youel, urging them to be faithful to the teaching of Christ. After that the people must have had a better understanding of those things and they lived differently. I was more encouraged about the time I left the Island. The majority of the men and women were more earnest and thoughtful. Seemingly they were taking their religion seriously and they are proud of their very comfortable and attractive church which the older men had worked so hard to improve.

They need the prayers of all who know of them and at present we can help them in no other way. They know the right way and they must choose to do that way.

One winter we had a very severe storm and, because of a tidal wave which they had there in 1913 when some homes were washed out to sea, the natives were very excited. Later an old man called on me and as he left I asked, "Ung-val-ic, do you know Jesus?" He had been a regular attendant at all Church meetings but he had never given a testimony. He stopped and looked at me, then said, "You know when the waves were so high a while ago. Some of the natives didn't go to bed; they were afraid. I went to bed and I went to sleep. I know Jesus."



# Semi Annual News Service

For Age Groups Supporting Specific Objects  
Presbyterian Board of National Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Alaskan Field

September 1941

## CHRISTIAN SERVICE AMONG THE ESKIMOS St. Lawrence Island, Alaska

Iyaketan (one of the native Christians on St. Lawrence Island) is still faithful and his face shows that he now has peace. His own family and some of the others have noticed this. He told us at the Workers' Prayer Service yesterday he had a vision (dream probably: they are great for visions) and he was told to fasten strips of something on each of his children, but he said that was an old custom and he would not do it. Then he got the second vision in which he was told to put a charm on each child for its safety but Iyaketan refused.

Iyaketan wants to learn to read the Bible. The elders have promised to go to his home and teach him verses in the Gospel of John and show him where the verses are, and try to help him. He knows the words - God, Jesus, Christ - when he sees them.

Logan is one of the best workers in Savoonga. For years he and his stepson have trapped and brought hundreds of pelts back to the village. He was not a Christian, and very seldom came to church. His stepson professed to be a Christian but he has worked on Sunday with Logan.

Last week Logan came to the village to visit a few days. He has stayed with Moses, one of our elders. Yesterday at the Workers' meeting Moses said, "Logan is staying at my home. You know he has never wanted to be a Christian. He'd not pray. Before we ate, this time Logan told us that this winter he never trapped or worked on Sunday. He has kept Sunday. Then he gave the prayer before we ate. Who has been praying for him?" I said that I had been ever since I knew him and that others too had been praying. We are praising God for the change in Logan.

The women's clubs seem to be what they want. Only three unbelievers dropped out. The old lady who said she was sorry Eve did what she did has come and seemed to have a happy time. Some of the men have called and said the meetings were fine because the women had no place to go but to church and the movies. Now they have an afternoon every three weeks together.

While at Savoonga we heard of the shortage of aluminum in the States and that the women were urged to give up all they could. When I began to dig out the house I found an old tea kettle that was useless and I decided to save it. The Eskimo mayor was helping me that day and when he heard the request for aluminum he said, "Why, we have a lot of that around the village and we'll be glad to gather it up and send it first chance we get."



Soon there was a large pile of aluminum. They are going to flatten each article as small as possible and pack it so it will be ready when they get a chance to send it out.

Five Bombers came early in May and spent five hours over here. In a short time two others came and twelve men also. They stayed a day. Some of the officers said this is one of five places in Alaska where they can land a bomber and some time this summer we may get another call, so we plan to try to keep writing letters so we may send them out each chance we have.

--- Ann Bannan

ALASKA



new?

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell followed Dr. Lerrigo, and by that time the Eskimos has become accustomed to white people and the doctor and his wife fitted into their life very well. The doctor taught the natives many things beside school. He happened to be an ordained Presbyterian minister as well as a physician, and taught the Bible in school and out. He was a good carpenter as well, and the older men, <sup>were</sup> who school boys when he was there, often say, "Dr. Campbell taught <sup>us</sup> me to do carpenter work." Two of these good carpenters also know a good bit about medical work which this missionary teacher had taught them. He taught them many other things, too. Dr. Jackson sent over some reindeer one time and Dr. Campbell had to teach the older school boys how to herd them. The doctor, so the natives say, learned to speak Eskimo very well, <sup>and even</sup> He compiled a book for the Eskimos. The first part was like a primer, showing the Alaskan animals of the island, giving both the English and Eskimo names. The rest of the book was devoted to Bible verses which the natives memorized. Even now they often repeat verses in meeting that they learned from Dr. Campbell's book.

All this while, Mrs. Campbell was busy too - but not in quite the same way. There is a record that she baked sixteen loaves of bread several times a week! She also taught cleanliness to the people, and insisted on the boys' washing their clothes every Saturday. <sup>The first time this was the</sup> One ~~saw~~ occasion ~~was~~ <sup>Some time</sup> for an amusing turning of the tables, ~~A while~~ before, whalers had brought cotton cloth for trade, but they evidently had neglected to bring thred, so the women had sewed the cloth into parka covers, using their <sup>for</sup> homemade sinew/thred. ~~xx~~ This Saturday, the boys had washed their parkas <sup>unsewed them for</sup> -- they had ~~xxxxxxkhexx~~ a more thorough job <sup>was</sup> as it was the first time they had been washed. The boys were amazed to see the different colors of the sleeves, hoods, and bodies of their fine parkas coming out as they floated around loose in the boiling water. When they were dry they took them home for their mothers to sew together again - <sup>This time</sup> The mothers ~~now had~~ <sup>using</sup> our kind of thread ~~and~~ sewed ~~up~~ their parkas ~~up with it~~ rather than ~~use~~ their own ~~kind of~~ sinew. *The men who remember this still laugh.*



Dr. Campbell also was confronted with the ~~same~~ custom of unnatural deaths of elderly Eskimos <sup>just as</sup> which Mr. Doty had <sup>been</sup> found. One day he heard of a man that was going to commit suicide. He went to the man who had already reached the spot where he was to do it. After much persuasion he consented to be taken back home. Dr. Campbell cared for him and in a few days he died a natural death. This custom of suicide was eventually given up, as was the custom of starving old people who were unable to work - a custom which was prevalent all over western and northern parts of Alaska as well. But since they have been taught the Christian way there has been a great change in the treatment of the old relatives. They now enjoy great respect and kindness of their friends and family as long as they live. It is a blessed change to them and to all of us who live and work with them.

While the Campbell's were still on the Island, another worker came to help them, Miss Anderson. She was there four years, and must have been a good help to the over-worked missionaries. She taught school and Bible school too, for she was a trained Bible teacher. ~~The Eskimos~~ liked her very much. She still continues to send money to one of the Elders who buys and distributes food for her to the oldest and sick Eskimos. They all remember her with affection.

(I)  
In 1934 Miss Bannan went to Gambell. (Is Miss B. to sign this article?

Is it to be in the first or third person?)

*What happened to the Campbells? What had Miss B. done before going? What lead her to go? Her impressions on arriving, her plan of work, etc. May I have more information on these points?*